So when the summer calleth

Under the sod and the dew

On forest and field of grain,

With an equal murmur falleth

The ecoling drip of the rain.

THE BRAVE AT REST.

Memorial Day Sentiments in Prose and a true union of hearts and a union of hands Will Carleton's Famous Memorial Day Poem-

Verse.

In response to many urgent requests from comrades of the Grand Army, we print herewith a choice collection of Memoriai Day sentiments in prose and verse, and to begin with reproduce the original order for the observance of the day, issued by John A. Logan, in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Order, Mny 5, 1868.

HEADQ'ES GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, 446 Fourteenth St., Washington, D. C., May 5, 1868.

General Orders, No. 11. I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of commides who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, vil-lage, and lamiet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but Posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may pormit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings, which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its focs. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyrains in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and tasse of the Nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot trend rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avaries or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dail, and other hands slack,

and other lieuris cold in the sciema trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time; let us raise above them the dear old fing they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our piedges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude-the soldier's and

sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief
to imagurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He carnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of com-rades in all parts of the country in time for simultancous compliance therewith. III. Department Commanders will use every ef-

fort to make this order effective.

By order of— Jons A. Logas.

N. P. CUIPMAN, WM. T. COLLINS, A. A. G.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is alto-

gether fitting and proper that we should do But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate. we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have conscerated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us-that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion-that we bere highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain-that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not

A VISION OF WAR. [From an address by Cal. R. G. Ingersoil.] we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation; the music of boisterous drains; the silver voices of heroic bugies. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeal of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places, with the maidons they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bonding over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who held them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses-divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearis the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms-standing in the sunlight sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves; she

answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone-and forever. We see them all as they murch proudly away under the flausting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war-marching down the streets of the great cities-through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravines running with blood-in the furrows of the old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the

shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed down with the last The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lashwe see them bound hand and foot; we hear strokes of cruel whips; we see hounds tracking

women through tangled swamps; we see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite! Four million bodies in chains-four million souls in fettors. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled be-

neath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shrick of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look-

instead of slaves we see men, women, and children. The wand of Progress touches the auctionblock, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free. These heroes are dead. They died for lib-

erty-they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the selemn pines. the sad bemiceks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars-they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the screnity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers, living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

THE PAST AND THE PUTURE. [From an address by Rev. Samuel Fallows.] Not to raise dead issues, not to keep section | no danger in these flowers. There are no bulfrom section, not to raise a single barrier be- lets hid under them. Peacefully, reverentially,

tween our friends who fought against us (our loyally, we lay the flowers on the graves of the fellow-citizens now) and our own selves, do we | dead. perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades. None can do more, none are doing more than those who fought for the Union, to bring about between the North and the South.

But these heroes of the lost cause do not ask us to take back a single word of that infallibly true sentence, "Slavery is sectional; freedom is national." They know that a child's hand could sooner pluck up Lookout Mountain by its rocky roots or dry up the Mississippi with its infantile breath, than for us to change the | Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb. irreversible verdict of mankind, "The war for | Give them the meed they have won in the past; the Union was forever right, and the rebellion forever wrong." It was the old Jewish legend that Nimrod, the mighty hunter, took the patriarch, Abraham, and cast him into a furnace of fire. But lo! its flames turned all to :oses, and the father of the faithful lay down on a bed of flowers. The fierce fires of our affliction have been already turned into flowers of peace and memory, and joy and hope. The rain which descends upon the swelling turf above our dead is not the iron rain of death, falling amid the crash of destruction and the thunder of battle, but the rain that brings from the bosom of the earth her fairest floral gifts, with

which we decorate their sacred graves. I found in one refined, Christian country home the old blue overcoat forming the chief | Faces that glowed in the battle's red flame, stripe in the carnet on the floor-a grand color | Paling for naught, till the death angel came, for loyal people to stand on as well as to stand under, to have beneath as well as around. But Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover: with no wearing away of the outer vesture of And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

loyalty will the inner spirit decay. From the torn hem and jagged fiber of every | Cover the hands that are resting half-tried, tattered and smoke-begrimed flag, virtue drops. Every remembrance of these patriotic dead is an arsenal; every cemetery is a fort. Like the chariots of fire and the horses of fire about that ancient mount are these invisible, but living and resistless, defenders around the mountain of our liberties. The dear form of Liberty. with the wounds she may yet have to receive, when asked the question, "What are these wounds in thine hands?" shall never again among us reply: "These are they with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." Her hands, her head, her heart, may bleed again, but only when she leads a united people at the command of the God of Freedom to the immediate and universal emancipation of the

A most memorable day in the meteorology of the United States was recently noted by the signal bureau at Washington. From all the New England coast-no cloud; from all the Pacific shore-no cloud; from Louisiana-no cloud; from Florida-no cloud; from South Carolina-no cloud; from all the lake coast-no

cloud; from northernmost Dakota-no cloud. In all the vast expanse of the sky that bends in overarching splendor above our common country, not one single cloud was to be seen. God grant it may presage the day when from the farthest East to the remotest West, from the sunniest South to the sternest North, there shall not gather one single cloud of national discord or State dissension on the face of the

OUR OLD BANNER.

[From an Address by General John A. Logan.] Our old banner is the only true banner of liberty; it has gathered its millions from lands of tyranny and gladdened their hearts with freedom; it rejoices the eye and heart of every liberty-loving man wherever seen around the

It is the banner of freedom to-day, it was yesterday, and a century ago. 'Tis the same that waved over and inspired the noble band of unshod patriots that gained

the independence of this people. On more than a hundred hardly-contested fields for the Union, as borne aloft, it gladdened the weary, the wounded, and dying. It took the manacles from the limbs of men chained in the deep gulf of despair, and stood them erect in the glorious sunlight of freedom. All hail! proud old flag; no ruthless hand shall despoil thee; as the stars that deck the plains of heaven are the glory of the night, and stars be the glory of this Nation, shedding their They who in mountain and hillside and dell, light along the pathway of liberty.

THEY DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY,

[From an Address by Rev. Dr. Quint.] "Who died in defense of their country." Hardly had the head of the column entered the rebellious States, hardly had the keel of the war-ships cut the Southern waters, when the roll of the dead was begun. Thenceforward it lengthened year by year through four years of warfare. Dead on the slippery decks! Dead by the camp-fires of the night! Dead in When the long years have crept slowly away, the smoke-cloud of battle! Dead in the mur- E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day; the smoke-cloud of battle! Dead in the murderous prison-pens! . Time, which has hidden the trenches under the green grass, and plowed over the track of the heavy guns, has softened The past riess before me like a dream. Again | the first violence of mourning into gentle sadness, and is healing a Nation's wounds. But wherever loyal men and true comrades are, today a people brings its offering with which to

garland the graves of their dead heroes. We pause by this memorial stone, comrades and citizens, for a parting service. We could not find all the graves to-day. You know where they are. The waters are the restless graves of some. The bluffs of the quiet rivers cover some. The thronged burial-place where drooping captives mustered strength to bury the starved dead, hold some in endlesss captivity. So, now you have decked the graves of those who sleep at home, pause, and here honor the graves of those who sleep far off.

This is no time for many words. Sometimes

words are helpless, because the great idea disdains the bondage of language. The men whom we remember were not men of words, but deeds. All their words were written with their bayonets. With their sabers they shaped the destiny of their land, "They died in defense of their country!" What is more eloquent than the majestic simplicity of that phrase-"Their country?" Let not him try to measure the length and breadth of these words, who thinks of his country only as a place to buy and sell, and get gain! Let him not try to sound the depth of these words, whose idea of his country is only that therein he shall get public office, and honor, and profit! Let him not aspire to the height of these words, who thinks that peace is better than righteousness, safety better than manhood! They who endured hardship, and dauntlessly met the fiery storm, and poured out their blood, and lay with their white faces upturned to God, they knew-in their lifetime knewwhat "our country" means. They, in their graves, tell us that no country can live without law and liberty, and true manhood; and because they saw, in the Flag, the soul of the Great Republic, with strong hearts and chivalric daring they planted themselves by the Stars and Stripes, and now sleep till the re-

veille of the resurrection morn.

Better than words do the things of this day speak. Hear them This service says that the old soldiery do not forget their comrades. Fresh in memory are those who were once with us in march and battle. True men do not forget those with whom they stood shoulder to shoulder in the greatest. hardest times this land ever saw. The fellowship of the living, wedded in fire, still endures, Some men look angrily on the great brotherhood of former soldierly, which now covers the loyal land. They affect to feel danger from the hundreds of thousands who link their bands under the leadership of the callant Logan. But pause and think you, you who frown-are the followships of the battlefield. made in love to the flag, sworn to on the altar of death, to fall asunder like blades of grass mown down? Think you that men who rested together on the hard ground, stood in the same line, followed the same flag, charged together when death was in every step; men who were deprived of home, and had no friends but each other, and closed up as the dying fell-do you ask that they shall throw aside these ties of life and death? Can you not instinctively feel that they cannot do it? that they cannot abandon their needy and often friendless comrades and the widows and orphans of the dead? that they cannot dishonor themselves by destroying the sympathies of a glorious cause! Bear with us, we pray you, in this thing. Think not hard of us for our soldierly care of comrades. If it be a weakness in us to cherish old memories. yet deal tenderly with us, and grant us this one little boon; for once you needed us, and then nothing was too much to promise us when you asked us to encounter death. We did it. When we ask you to let us keep fresh the ties of death, will you not do it? Be not jealous because we remember each other. Dangerous? Yes, once, dangerous to the traitor and rebel. But not now. Men who periled life for law may be trusted in peace. Dangerous again, only should the lawful authorities need their right hands again, and then dangerous only to the disobedient and lawless. See

only the color-guard carry muskets, and the

muzzles are filled only with flowers. There is

POEMS FOR THE DAY.

"Cover Them Over." Cover them over with beautiful flowers; Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours; Lying so silent, by night and by day, Sleeping the years of their manhood away: Years they had marked for the joys of the brave; Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave. All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom Give them the honors their merits forecast; Give them the chaplets they won in the strife, Give them the laurels they lost with their life. Cover them over—yes, cover them over— Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover: Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours, And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the faces that motionless lie, Shut from the blue of the glorious sky: Faces once light with the smiles of the gay-Faces now marred by the frown of decay. Eyes that beamed friendship and love to your

Lips that sweet thoughts of affection made known; Brows you have soothed in the day of distress; Cheeks you have flushed by the tender caress; Faces that brightened at war's stirring cry; Faces that streamed when they bade you good-

Kiss in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,

Crossed on the bosom or low by the side: Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown; Hands that you, father, close hid in your own Hands where you, sister, when tried and dis-

Hung for protection, and counsel, and aid; Hands that you, brother, for faithfulness knew; Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter adieu. Bravely the cross of their country they bore; Words of devotion they wrote with their gore; Grandly they grasped for a garland of light, Catching the mantel of death-darkened night. Cover them over—yes, cover them over— Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover: Clasp in your hearts these dead heroes of ours, And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the feet that, all weary and torn, Hither by comrades were tenderly borne: Feet that have trodden through love-lighted ways. Near to your own, in the old happy days; Feet that have pressed, in life's opening morn, Roses of pleasure and death's poisoned thorn. Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right, Firmly they stood in the shock of the fight. Ne'er shall the enemy's hurrying tramp Summon them forth from their death-guarded

Ne'er till Eternity's bugle shall sound, Will they come out from their couch in the ground. Cover them over—yes, cover them over— Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover: Rough were the paths of these heroes of ours— Now cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high, Beaten with hopes that were borne but to die; Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray; Hearts that have yearned for the homes far away Hearts that beat high in the charge's loud tramp; Hearts that low fell in the prison's foul damp. Once they were swelling with courage and will, Now they are lying all pulseless and still; Once they were glowing with friendship and love, Now the great souls have gone soaring above. Bravely their blood to the Nation they gave, Then in her bosom they found them a grave. Cover them over—yes, cover them over— Parent, and busband, and brother, and lover: Press to your hearts these dead heroes of ours, And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

One there is, sleeping, in yonder low tomb, Worthy the brightest of flow'rets that bloom Weakness of womanhood's life was her part; Tenderly strong was her generous heart. Bravely she stood by the sufferer's side, Checking the pain and the life-bearing tide; righting the swift-sweeping phantom of death, Easing the dying man's fluttering breath. Then when the strife that had nerved her was o'er, Calmly she went to where wars are no more. Voices have blessed her now silent and dumb; Voices will bless her in long years to come. Cover them over-yes, cover them over-Blessings, like angels, around her shall hover: Treasure the name of that sister of ours, And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the thousands that sleep far away-Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell. Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose; Sweetly above them the wild flow'ret blows; Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'er head, Whispering names for the patriot dead. So in our minds we will name them once more, So in our hearts we will cover them o'er; Roses and lilies and violets blue Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true. Cover them over—yes, cover them over— Parent, and husband, and brother and lover: Think of those far-away heroes of ours, And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

When at the Arch augel's trumpet and tread Rise up the faces and forms of the dead; When the great world its last judgment awaits; When the blue sky shall swing open its gates, And our long columns march silently through, Past the Great Captain for final review— Then for the blood that has flown for the right Crowns shall be given, untarnished and bright; Then the glad ear of each war-martyred son, Proudly shall hear the good judgment, "Well

Blessings for garlands shall cover them over-Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover: God will reward these dead heroes of ours, And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

How Sleep the Brave! How sleep the brave who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blessed! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Faney's feet have ever trod. By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Decoration Day. The muffled drum's sad roll has beat The soldier's last tattoo; No more on life's parade shall meet The brave but fallen few. On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread.

And glory guards with solemn round

No rumor of the foe's advance Now sweeps upon the wind: No troubled thoughts at midnight haunt, Of loved ones left behind; No vision of the morrow's strife The warrior's dream alarms; Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust. Their plumed heads are bowed; Their haughty banner trailed in dust Is now their martial shroud, And plenteous funeral tears have washed The red stains from each brow, And the proud forms by battle gashed Are freed from anguish now.

Now, 'neath their parent turf they rest, Far from the gory field, Borne to a Spartan mother's breast On many a bloody shield: The sunshine of their native sky Smiles sadly on them here, And hundred eyes and hearts watch by The soldier's sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead, Dear as the blood ye gave! No impious footsteps here shall tread The herbage of your grave; Nor shall your glory be forgot While Fame her record keeps, Or honor points the hallowed spot Where valor proudly sleeps.

You faithful herald's blazoned stone With mournful pride shall tell, When many a vanished age bath flown, The story how ye fell! Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight, Nor time's remorseless doom Shall mar one ray of glory's light That guilds your deathless tomb.

> The Blue and the Gray. By the flow of the inland river, Whence the fleets of iron have fled. Where the blades of grave-grass quiver, Asleep are the ranks of the dead. Under the sod and the dew.

Under the other the Gray. These in the robings of glory, Those in the gloom of defeat, All, with the battle blood gory, In the dusk of eternity meet, Under the sod and the dew Waiting the judgment day— Under the laurel the Blue,

Waiting the judgment day-

Under the one the Blue,

Under the willow the Gray. From the silence of sorrowful hours The desolate mourners go, Lovingly laden with flowers Alike for the friend and the foe. Under the sod and the dew Waiting the judgment day— Under the roses the Blue, Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day—
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

Waiting the judgment day-Wet with the rain the Blue, Wet with the rain the Gray. Sadly, but not with upbraiding, The generous deed was done; In the storm of the years that are fading No braver battle was won.

Under the sod and the dew Waiting the judgment day— Under the biossoms the Blue, Under the garlands the Gray. No more shall the war cry sever, Or the winding rivers be red-They banish our anger forever

When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew Waiting the judgment day--Love and tears for the Blue, Tears and love for the Gray. The Nation's Dead. Four hundred thousand men-The brave, the good, the true-In tangled wood, in mountain glen,

On battle plain, in prison pen,

Lie dead for me and you!

For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

Have made our ransomed soil their grave For me and you! Good friend, for me and you! In many a fevered swamp, By many a black bayou, In many a cold and frozen camp, The weary sentinel ceased his tramp, And died for me and you! From Western plain to ocean tide Are stretched the graves of those who died

Four hundred thousand of the brave

On many a bloody plain Their ready swords they drew, And poured their life-blood like the rain, A home, a heritage to gain-To gain for me and you! Our brothers mustered by our side, They marched, they fought, and bravely died For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall They charged—those boys in blue; 'Mid surging smoke and volley'd ball, The bravest were the first to fall— To fall for me and you! The noble men-the Nation's pride-Four hundred thousand men have died For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold Their martyr spirits grew To stature like the saints of old, And 'mid dark agonies untold, They starved for me and you! The good, the patient, and the tried, Four hundred thousand men have died For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay To them is justly due, And to the Nation's latest day Our children's children still shall say, "They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

Sleep, Comrades, Sleep!

Sleep, comrades, sleep! The clinging rust Lies thick upon the blade, And valor is obscured by lust Of money and of trade; The fife is mute; no more the drum

The drowsy camp alarms; The piping times of peace have come, And Pleasure spreads her charms. Sleep, comrades, sleep! The cannon's roar

No longer fills the air; The rifle volley routs no more The rebel from his lair. Where once the beacon brightly shone, The sentry walked his round, The crumbling headstone marks alone The consecrated ground.

Sleep, comrades, sleep! The battle-flag Is rotting on the staff, And soon, perchance, the tattered rag Will waken but a laugh; The peaceful plowshare cleaves the sod. Once wet with War's red stain, And fields that mighty armies trod Are starred with flowers again.

Sleep, comrades, sleep! Though soon forgot By some, while life endures Forget our leving hearts will not To keep their tryst with yours;

The general muster of the dead, Whate'er on earth betide, Shall find us still by Glory led And marching by your side.

writes us as follows:

SOLDIERS' PAPERS. Some Further Reminiscences of These Interesting

Comrade James L. Ferris, Bridgeport, Conn.,

I have in my possession the first soldier paper issued in the Department of the Gulf. It was printed on Ship Island, Miss., May 17, Vicar of Winkfield, Flemish Beauty, Beurre 1862, and edited by A. W. Eastman and Chas. Giles, Esq., of Belfast, Mc., assistant editor. It contains the first proclamation that General B. F. Butler issued after occupying New Orleans. It is a double-sheet, eight and a half inches long and six inches wide. Among the many articles it contains there is one announcing the arrival of the bark Eliza and Ella from Boston with the 8th New Hampshire volunteers, after a tedious passage. I remember well when the said vessel hove in sight off Mobile. and we of the United States steamer Kanawha spoke her, as also the cheers which the regiment gave us for coming to their relief. The body of the captain of the bark was in a box in | trees, for planting, novices will usually select the main-top. He had died during the voyage | the largest and strongest they can find; but from the effects of a prolonged spree, and, to | these are not the most likely to transplant well, save the regiment and the ship, the colonel of | and their future success will depend very much the former had to act as the captain of the ves- upon the reduction of the shoots and branches, sel. Fortunately, there was somebody in the so that a smaller tree of stocky growth, which regiment who understood handling a vessel | will lift with better roots and not require so and knew enough about navigation to bring | close cutting down of the branches, will be the her to our blockade, after sailing a roundabout | better tree at the end of a couple of years' | course. We took her in tow to Ship Island, growth. Indeed, trees that show a strong ply evaporates from a dry stick, and, by the and the boys told us that they had never ex- growth in the nursery usually have far-reach- power of capillary attraction, as fast as it dries, pected to reach land again. Among the deaths | ing roots which cannot be secured, and com- it will absorb moisture from anything to in the regiment during the voyage were the paratively but few of them can be saved, so which it may be attached that is moister than captain of the bark, Lunt, of Maine, March 18, that the bulk of the top has to be removed at | itself. 1862; Loammi Gould, company K, Manchester, | the time of planting, in order to get the plant aged forty-four, April 20; Austin Taylor, to grow at all. It is not recommended to select company H, of Sugar Hill, Lisbon, aged sixty- diseased trees or unhealthy trees, but trees company H, of Sugar Hill, Lisbon, aged sixty- diseased trees or unhealthy trees, but trees ens, or what will care them. I have had hundreds four, April 21; Oliver Towns, Jr., company which have made only moderate growths in of chickens hatched this spring, but ten out of F, Nashua, aged thirty-eight, April 28; Dan- ordinary good soil. A frequent mistake in tree twelve die with the gapes; they never take it uniel Piper, company E, of Holderness, aged twenty-six, May 1; George R. Follansbee, When holes are eighteen inches or so in depth company B, Nashua, aged twenty-one, May 4; there will be considerable settling down of the every remedy that I have seen recommended, all Brainard Montague; company E, Sunderland, | fresh soil, so that ample allowance should be | to no purpose. Can you tell me of a remedy, or Mass., aged twenty-one, May 12; Woodbury | made for this settling. In all but the poorest | refer me to any responsible poultry-yard that could C. White, company B, of Moltonborough, aged sandy soils the neck of the tree should be chicks, and have twenty to thirty carried off nearly eighteen. The paper says of him: "He was rather above than under the level of the buried last night at 8 o'clock by moonlight, ground. All in nature was still and quiet, adding to the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene. In the earnest prayer of the chaplain the absent ones were kindly remembered." By printing this you may be the means of establishing the portance of the thorough pulverization of the from experience as to their value. We would date of death of some of the men whose rela- soil: "We once experimented by hauling be obliged if any of the readers of THE TRIEtives have applied for a pension, in case the twenty-four large loads of the best manure une would favor us with facts on this subject. records have been lost.

ment's hard marches.

Comrade John B. Embick, company G, 5th Pennsylvania volunteers, Lebanon, Pa., claims to have a copy of the oldest soldier paper published during the late rebellion, entitled The Pennsylvania Fifth, dated Alexandria, Va., June 10, 1861, and published by John P. Ely, as follows: "Often two important things are ing the soil so as to destroy the insects; but first lieutenant, company G.

Reunion of 1st and 2d Kentucky V. I. House on Sunday, May 25.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured. There has never been a medicine for rheumatism introduced in the United States that has given such universal satisfaction as Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. It stands out alone as the one great remedy that actually cures case in the shortest time. It has the indorsephysicians in this State and elsewhere. It is

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

FLOWERING TREES FOR CITY PARKS. We think that the most important trees for city parks are those which flower early in the season. In summer, when everything is bright and gay, a few flowers, more or less, is a matter of but small moment, but plants which will dot the landscape with flowers even before late snows have departed, are doubly welcome. Among the best of early flowering shrubs, or rather small trees, are the Chinese magnolias, the soil? Either this or a new word."-Report which become covered with flowers before their leaves appear. Of these the finest are Magnolia conspicua, M. purpurea, M. Soulangeana and M. Lenne. The last named is a fine, large dark purple flower, and has the habit of blooming at intervals during the summer. The double flowering varieties of the peach tree, although not particularly ornamental as trees, are still unsurpassed when in flower; the white variety is the whitest of flowers, and contrasts finely with the dark crimson form. Then, the double flowering cherries follow close upon the peach; there are several of these, some semi-double varieties being very conspicuous. The weeping cherry is also worthy of attention; it is a slender-branched, drooping plant, which blossoms profusely. The plums are also represented | commence new growth. Trimmed at that time by several semi-double flowering varieties | they speedily become covered with new shoots which are very floriferous. The dogwood and | and all evidence of trimming disappear. It is the Judas tree are native plants, which fringe also a good time to trim boxwood edgings to the borders of woods and enliven them with | walks; these are very often allowed to become masses of flowers, and admit of being freely in- too large, crowding in upon the walk and motroduced in parks and pleasure grounds. Fol- nopolizing the ground. A neat edging of boxlowing these the tamarisk displays its beauti-. wood should not be more than six inches in ful plume-like branches covered with pinkish | height, about the same width at base, and cut flowers, and is not so often planted as its to a point in the center. Where the Chinese merits would seem to demand. With regard to arborvitæ will stand the climate it is admirably the magnolias, they appear best as single de- | suited for an ornamental or sheltering hedge; tached plants. The dogwood, Judas tree, and it grows remarkably thick, when clipped, and the wild plums, as also their double-flowering retains a lively green color during most of the forms, should be planted in groups of several plants, so as to be effective when in the flowerering state. DRAINING LANDS TO EXTEND THE GROWING as follows: "Last summer I was induced to

of the season, especially during the planting period, which made the cropping late and much of the first planting rotted instead of germinating, because of the low temperature of the soil. When the objects and results of draining lands become better understood, we will find sorghum growers availing themselves of its advantages. Sorghum seed will not grow in cold soil; those who have made experiments state that the soil days must elapse before the heat of the sun | quickly kill an elm tree. penetrates and warms the ground. The limit of sorghum culture can be measureably extended by draining the land; a difference of three weeks is not uncommon in the seeding of drained soils in advance of those not drained, and this is sufficient to make the important difference between a failure and a success. Draining lands is no new, untried or experimental operation; on the contrary, its benefits are as well established as any operation conintensive farming becomes a necessity in this draining will have to be resorted to in order to | before the fall. insure the best results.

DWARF PEAR TREES. The dwarf pear is not so popular as it was twenty years ago, and yet we know of no valid reason why it should not be. True, many failures have been noted, but perhaps not more than could be related concerning all kinds of orchard culture. We have always been partial to the culture of dwarf pears; and they are particularly adapted to small gardens and city yards, and never fail in giving entire satisfaction if the varieties are properly selected. The primary object in grafting the pear on the quince is to induce the early fruiting of the pear by checking the tendency to wood growth, and as all varieties of the pear are not equally vigorous, it happens that the less luxuriant kinds are not helped by being grafted on the quince root, and are weakened by the process to an undue extent. Such varieties are Duchess d' Angouleme, Louis bonne de Jersey, Howell, d'Anjou, Easter Beurre, Dix, Columbia and others which might be named, are invariably brought to a fruiting state much earlier when grafted on the quince than they will be when grafted on pear roots. The quince thrives best in a moist, rich soil, and with pears grafted on them they succeed best when kept cultivated in rich soil. And when placed in a good soil, we know of nothing in fruit culture more interestfew dwarf pear trees.

ing and satisfactory for the amateur than a SELECTING AND PLANTING TREES. In selecting fruit trees, or any other kind of | sequent expansion splits the tree. planting is that of setting them too deep.

PULVERIZATION OF THE SOIL. The following experiment made by the editor of the Lave Stock Journal shows the great im- | for the above distemper, but we cannot speak upon two acres of clay-loam land, had it well cultivated into the soil, which had been worked Comrade Henry Yeatsch, bugler, company | in the ordinary way, but was somewhat lumpy. K, 5th Minnesota volunteers, Shingle Creek, This and the adjoining two acres were to be Minn., sends us a copy of the Frontier Scout of | sown to corn for fodder. Upon the other two | August 17, 1864, published by Winegar and acres no manure was put, but it was plowed Goodwin, members of company I, 30th Wis- and cultivated till the soil, four inches deep, consin volunteers, at Fort Union, Dak. It | was as fine as a garden bed. One and a half contains an account of General Sully's North- | bushels of corn were drilled per acre upon each western Indian expedition up the Yellowstone. | piece, drills sixteen inches apart. When this | Mrs. Ellen Williams, Allerton, Iowa, sends a corn was in blossom and ready to cut, the uncopy of the Soldier's Letter of September 3, manured two acres stood eighteen inches higher are usually composed of richer soils than the 1864, published by O. V. Wallace, company H, than the manured piece. On selecting two 2d Colorado cavalry, at Kansas City, Mo. It is | sample rods in different places upon each piece, a neat little sheet, about six by eight inches in | cutting the green corn, and carefully weighing size, and contains many interesting items of it, the manured piece gave 275 pounds per rod, regimental news. Mrs. Williams was a con- and the unmanured, but finely pulverized, tributor to its columns, and shared the regi- gave 350 pounds per rod-the manured giving twenty-two tons per acre, and the other twentyeight tons per acre. The cost of extra working was \$2.50 per acre. Could there be any doubt that the extra labor was well paid for?" SEEDING LANDS TO GRASS.

neglected in doing this enough seed is not this has nothing to do with mildew on the sown and there is a lack of variety. If the leaves, or rot in the fruit. There is no fruit soil is finely pulverized, not half the quantity | that requires less water after midsummer than The annual Reunion of the 1st and 2d Ken- is required as on a rather stiff clay; for, let us the grape-vine, especially if the fruit is to be tucky volunteers will be held at the Lookout | do our best with harrows, clod crushers and | made into wine. rollers, the surface of a stiff clay is still more or less lumpy, and, falling on the lumps, seed will not germinate. A limestone soil of fine beans, and is quite hardy. Is it the true mahogtilth does not need more than half as much clover seed per acre to produce a full crop as an ordinary loam, and not over one-fourth as much as a stiff clay. We have seen fields in the light gravelly limestone soils of Western this dread disease. It is taken internally, and never has and never can fail to cure the worst of clover from sowing not over six quarts of seed per acre, while loamy soils there might ment and recommendation of many leading | require twelve quarts to do this, and a stiff clay fully twenty-four quarts. English farm-

and our good farmers are now rapidly following their example, especially those who are devot-ing their lands to dairy stock."

FERTILIZING OR POLLENIZING. "We need a new word in horticulture, or else an agreement as to the use of an old one. Here is one professor publishing a paper to illustrate the influence of particular manures on certain corps, and he calls it 'fertilization.' Then we have the phrase 'commercial fertilizers.' All right according to the dictionary. But here comes another professor to tell us about the several characters of plants, crossbreeding, hybridization, &c., and when he comes to speak of the agency of the pollen of flowers he gives us 'fertilize' and 'fertilization' to mean something entirely different. Why not say pollenize or pollenization, and have a by-law to that effect, and leave the other word to apply exclusively to the enrichment of

of Minn. Hort. Soc. The word "pollenize" is undoubtedly the proper one to use in connection with the action of pollen on flowers. There is much confusion in the use of such terms as hybridize, crossbreed, genus, species, &c., as they are applied by some writers. Seedling potatoes raised from seeds which have been artificially pollenized are oftentimes alluded to as hybrids, which is altogether wrong; these are merely crosses between varieties, not hybrids between TRIMMING EVERGREEN HEDGES.

The best time to trim arborvitæ or other kinds of evergreen hedges is just before the plants

A correspondent of the Farmer's World writes try packing down eggs for winter use. I took So far as sugar extraction was concerned, the some sweet, clean kegs, set them in a cool, dry sorghum crop was a failure over a large portion | place, with a barrel of powdered dry earth near of the country the past season. The cause is at hand. In the kegs I placed a layer of this conceded to have been the prolonged wetness | earth; then a layer of eggs, small end down; then a layer of earth, and so on until the kegs were filled. These eggs were quite good six months after packing down. By placing the eggs small end down the yolk is prevented from dropping down on the end and settling on the shell, while the dry, fine earth keeps them from the air.

NOTELETS.

-Experiments show that salt acts not only should show fifty-two degrees of heat before as a solvent of plant food, but as an antiseptic, the seed is planted. One of the first advantages | preventing rust in oats; yet experience has also derived from draining soil is that of rendering | shown that it is not always a remedy where the it warmer; wet soils are proverbially cold, just | land is not properly drained. Grasses are greatly as dry soils are warm. Frost will not enter so | benefited on some lands by the application of | deeply into a dry soil as it will do where the | salt at the rate of six bushels to the acre, and | soil is wet, hence it happens that on a drained on arable lands from ten to fifteen bushels soil the first few warm sunny days remove the | may be used, according as the crop is cereal or frost and the soil is ready for the plow, while root. Beets, celery, cabbage, onions, asparaon undrained lands weeks may elapse before | gus, together with many bulbous plants, will | the sun can evaporate the moisture, after which flourish after a dose of brine which would

-It will save much disappointment to remember that nothing is gained by putting certain vegetable seeds in the ground before it is warm. Melons, squash, bush beans, lima beans and okra are among those that rot, instead of vegetating, in cold soil. -Raspberries and blackberries can be very

readily propagated by pieces of their roots. Dig up roots now, cut them in pieces about three inches in length, lay them in a bed two or nected with the cultivation of plants, and when | three inches apart, and cover them with three inches of sand or light soil. They will soon country, as it undoubtedly will, sooner or later, send up shoots, and will make strong plants -Silkworm cocoons which have been raised on the leaves of the Russian mulberry bring ten cents per pound less than those which have

> ments regarding the value of the plant and the color of the fruit of the Russian mulberry, it appears evident that much confusion exists regarding the plants sold under this name. -It is advised to burn mildewed leaves of grape vines and other plants, in order to slamp out the disease of mildew. This is the silliest kind of advice; as well try to stamp out "fever

been raised on any of the other varieties of the

white mulberry. From the conflicting state-

and ague" by killing off the people in malarious regions. -Following are two formulas for making good fertilizers, either of which are adapted to general use: 120 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 170 pounds dried blood, 1,590 pounds boneblack superphosphite, and 70 pounds muriate of potash-in all, 1,950 pounds. The second formula consists of 120 pounds of nitrate of soda, 90 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 145 pounds dried blood, 1,545 pounds bone-black superphosphite, and 120 pounds muriate of petash-a total of 2,020 pounds.

-In a recent issue of the American Farmer, a correspondent says that the Perfect Gem squash has kept in good condition up to this date. Whilst we did not test it as a summer variety, we will continue it for further trial on account of its excellent keeping qualities. -The injury done to trees by lightning is

supposed to result from the rapid conversion of the fluids of the stem into steam; the con--The average yield per acre of some of the principal grain crops of the United States are given as follows: Corn, 26 bushels; wheat, 12

bushels; rye, 13 bushels. In Western New York and the Ohio Valley, the general average rises to 16 and 18 bushels of wheat. -A dead limb of a tree cannot be said to transpire, which is a term wholly applicable tothe action of a being with life. Moisture sim-

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. I want to know what is good for gapes in chicktil about three weeks old. The windpipe is full of very small worms, which work down into the giz-zard, and death follows immediately. I have tried

every day. I look every week in the columns of

THE TRIEUNE, but have failed to find anything that cures.-Mrs. Sue Gilbert, Ten Mile Stand Meigs, Tenn. Ans. We have occasionally noted remedies I have lately seen statements to the effect that the best orchards in the West are those growing on low, wet lands, and that all orehards on high lands have failed. As I expect to plant a small apple or-

chard, I would like to hear from some one who has experience in this State.—A Veteran, Iowa, Ans. We trust that some of our readers will answer this question. We are very sure that apple trees will not do well on low, wet lands they would do well enough on low, dry lands, or well-drained lands, anywhere. Low lands higher lands, and to this circumstance we attribute the better growth. Yet it must be said that some of the finest orchards in the country are planted on rather steep, dry hill sides.

I have seen a statement that irrigation of grapevines in Europe has been found a specific cure for the mildew and rot; if this is true, would it not be as effectual in this country ?-E. S. T., Cincinnati. Ans. We think there is a mistake in the above statement. One of the methods of destroying the phylloxera or root-louse of the On this subject the Rural New-Yorker remarks | grape-vine in Europe is by inundation-flood-

any tree, or can you say what it is?-J. K., Gettysburg, Pa.

Ans. The Kentucky Coffee tree, Gymnocladus canadensis, is called in some places the mahogany tree. The true mahogany tree is a tropical plant, and would not live at Gettysburg.

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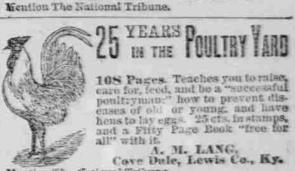
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